

SPRING TERM, 1897.

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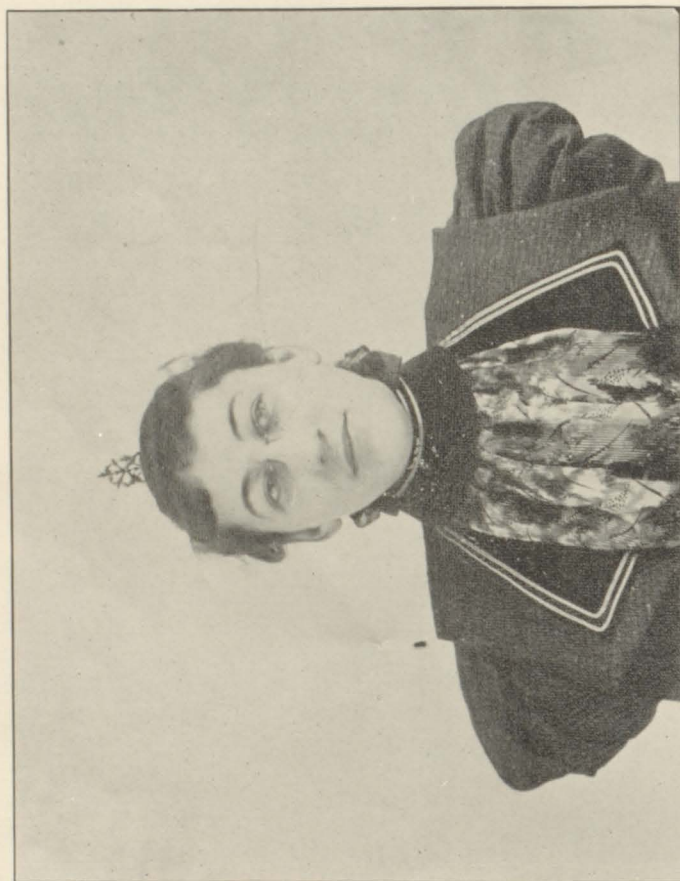
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*To Miss Alice E. Purington this number
is lovingly dedicated by the editors.*



MISS ALICE E. PURINGTON.

THE ACADEMY HERALD.

VOL. I.

BETHEL, ME., MAY, 1897.

NO. 2.

The Academy Herald

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Exchanges.

WE, as students, are much pleased to see so many school papers on our library table. The publication of these is truly a great and beneficial work. Through them, students are brought nearer together, and become better acquainted with different undertakings. We feel that our little paper has already won a place among these publications. From the many kind words of our friends, we feel encouraged, and we hope that our second number may prove better than the first.

The Bowdoin *Orient* has kindly been sent us for some time; we find it very helpful. Every one should read "A Present Need," Sixty Eight Prize Oration won by John George Haines. This appeared in the April number.

The Stranger, Bridgton, is a very neatly edited paper.

We understand there has been but one edition of the Washington Academy *Record*. We heartily wish it success.

The Academy *Bell*, Fryeburg, is a pleasing exchange.

In the Academy *Zephyr*, Paris Hill, we found a very interesting article on "The Cuban Revolution."

We have received the *Chronicle*, Utah University.

The Hebron *Semester* is a large and flourishing paper.

The *Recorder*, Ellsworth High School, deserves our attention.

There are a number of finely written articles in the *Chronicle*, South Paris, Maine.

A Byron Study.

1. The Life of Byron,
2. Byron's Genius,
3. Modern Greece,

RUBY SMITH.

4. Venice,
5. Cascata del Marmore,
(The Marble Cascade,)

CORA FARWELL.

6. The Coliseum,

BARTON SMITH.

7. St. Peter's,

ETHEL RICHARDSON.

8. The Ocean,

WINIFRED HALL.

The Life of Lord Byron.

GEORGE GORDON was the only child of John Byron of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon. When eleven years old, upon the death of his great uncle, George succeeded to the title and estates of the family. He was then placed under the care of the Earl of Carlisle, and afterwards sent to Harrow School where he distinguished himself more for his manly sports than any devotion to study.

When but sixteen years of age he saw and loved Miss Charworth, a charming young lady of eighteen, but the affections of the beautiful, lame boy were not returned.

Soon after this episode, he entered Trinity College. Here he wasted hours. Leaving school at nineteen, Byron retired to the family seat at Newstead, and here prepared for publication a number of his early productions under the title of "Hours in Idleness," a series of poems original and translated. For these he was

very harshly criticised by the Edinburgh press. Angry at this attack upon his writings, Byron, having studied the satirical poets as models, and collected every available bit of gossip floating at the time, in 1809, poured forth his wrath in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviews."

In the same year, in company with his friend, John Hobhouse, he left England for two years' traveling on the continent in Greece and Turkey.

In 1812, appeared the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." From these his fame seemed to spring, like the palace of a fairy tale, in a single night. As he says in his memoranda, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." For these two cantos, Byron was paid £600, but he returned them to Mr. Dallas, saying he never received money for his writings, a resolution he afterwards wisely abandoned.

January 2, 1815, Byron married Anne Isabella Millbank. Her dowry of £10,000 he soon dissipated, and there not being harmony in this union, Mrs. Byron left her husband and returned to her father.

In 1816, Byron left England never to return. While traveling in Switzerland he met for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Shelly, and in their home in Geneva he wrote the third canto of "Childe Harold." While in Italy there appeared, among other famous works, Manfred.

In 1822, Byron went to Greece for the purpose of aiding her to regain

her freedom from Mohammedan thralldom which bound her. On the 9th of April, 1824, while riding on horse-back, he was caught in a violent shower. He had rheumatic fever, accompanied with inflammation of the brain, and on the 19th died. His dying words were: "I have given Greece my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life, what could I do more?"

His remains were taken to England, and being denied a place in Westminster Abbey, were interred in the family vault in the church of Hucknall.

Byron's Genius.

UNLIKE many other authors, Byron rarely wrote anything worthless or faultless; the greatest of his works is the whole taken together. Though his writings are appreciated for their amount and variety, many are defective. Byron said himself, "No one has done more to corrupt the language through negligence than I," yet there are portions of his poetry far higher in worth and freer from fault than the productions of many others.

He was as varied as Shakespeare. Scott says: "He embraced every topic of human life and sounded every string in the divine harp from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones."

He wrote with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality;

he lived in an atmosphere of Byron worship. Prof. Nichols says: "He is undoubtedly regarded the greatest genius of our century."

His powers of idealistic description, he showed for the first time in the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold." In his description of the Cascata de Marmore, Byron is at his best. His restless spirit sympathizes with the rush and whirl of the falling waters; their mad uproar finds a responsive echo in his now wild heart; he is uplifted to a true poetic ecstasy and in

"Love watching madness with unalterable
mien

He rises to what may fairly be called the
Sublime."

Modern Greece.

GREECE, standing in the sunset of her glory, is still lovely; in her age of woe she becomes the land of lost gods and god-like men.

She is proclaimed Nature's varied favorite even now in her shattered columns and majestic ruins. Still are her skies as blue, her crags as wild, her groves as sweet, her fields as verdant, as when Minerva first gave her gift to man and Hymettus yielded its fragrance.

The traveler yet may see Tritonia's clift, the mazy rills of Mt. Helican, and the gleam of Mendeli's fair marbles. The Parthenon, still beautiful in her ruin, may yet suggest the earliest dream of Athena's tower of strength and beauty. Gray Marathon preserves its boundless fame as on

the morn when Persia's victims first
bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas'
sword.

The camp, the host, the fight, the
flying Mede, the fiery Greeks, once
more cause Freedom's smile and
Asia's tear.

Pensive pilgrims shall throng to
the remnants of her past splendor,
and long shall the voyager hail the
bright clime of battle and of song.

But he whom sadness soothes, let
him visit Greece, which is no light-
some land of social mirth, and wan-
dering by Delphi, or gazing on the
plain where Greek and Persian died,
he will forget the present decay. The
earnest wish wrought from Byron's
tenderest sympathies is to spare the
relics from magic waste.

"So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth
was rear'd,
By every honest joy of love and life en-
dear'd."

Venice.

AS Byron stood in Venice he
saw the famous crime-stained
Bridge of Sighs, with its massive form
mirrored in the water below; he saw
the structure of this wonderful city
rise from the waves as from the
stroke of an enchanter's wand.

But look! As he gazes, the mist of
a thousand years rolls slowly from
the city and he sees Venice

"Throned on her hundred isles;"
He sees her in all her glory as a ruler
of sea and land, with the East pour-

ing showers of beautiful gems into
her lap.

It is only a moment; the mist set-
tles back and a thrill of sadness
comes over Byron as he looks upon
the marble palaces now crumbling
beneath the weight of time, yet
beauty is still here. The same charm
that clings about a beautiful old age
lingers amid the ruins of Venice.

However, to students of art and
literature, the city holds forth an at-
traction which will not decay with
the Rialto. Though Venice be swept
away in her entirety, Shylock, the
Moor, and Pierre, like keystones of
an arch, would re-people the solitary
shore. The lion of St. Mark still
keeps guard over the place where
Frederick Barbarossa stood when all
eyes were turned to Venice as a
queen; but it is only in hollow mock-
ery of what once was. Before this
same cathedral stand the four steeds
of brass; but they are bridled. Ven-
ice has lost the power she once pos-
sessed and sinks back to the sea-
weed whence she rose. Far preferable
is this state than to feel the crushing
weight of a tyrant's hand.

In youth she was all glory—a new
Tyre—now her statues of glass are
shivered; her dead rulers have long
since returned to dust, and the empty
halls, the streets, and the pervading
foreign aspect throw a desolate look
over this city of palaces.

Byron pays this tribute to Venice:
"Since my boyhood she has been my
ideal city, and although I found her

in reality far different from what she was in fancy, yet her quiet beauty had more charms for me than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show."

The Cascata del Marmore.

(Marble Cascade.)

THE Cascata del Marmore is formed by the Velino, a river about fifty miles northeast of Rome, breaking down, in three leaps, through a distance of some 650 feet. In its great agony it reminds one of Phlegethon, the river of pitiless horror.

The roaring waters drop headlong over the precipice and rapidly as light travels fall thundering, hissing into the abyss below. A vapor rises high into the air and returning is an eternal April to the ground, making it all one emerald.

But the dark depths cannot hold this volume of water, and it goes bounding from rock to rock in delirious uproar, crushing the cliffs and making fearful chasms in its downward career. Nevertheless its force is spent and it gradually gives up its power and becomes the parent of rivers in the vale below.

Looking back upon this cataract it seems like an eternity sweeping everything before. The sight is an awful, yet surpassingly beautiful, for on the verge of this surging tide sits an Iris calm and unmoved by the distraction of waters, bearing serene its brilliant hues mid all the torture of its surroundings.

The Coliseum.

THIS wonderful Flavian amphitheatre, the work of Titus, has been the subject of Byron's deepest reflections.

Down in the arena the dying Gladiator leans upon his hands; his manly brow consents to death, but conquers agony. His drop'd head sinks as the last drops ebb slowly from the red gash in his side. He did not hear the shouts which hailed the wretch who won; his thoughts were of the rude hut by the Danube, of his children and their Dacian mother. Here where buzzing nations choked the way and where the Roman millions blame or praise, he met his death.

As the faint light from the stars falls, the arena is void, the seats crushed, the walls bowed, and the galleries echo with strange foot-steps. A ruin, an enormous skeleton, a marvel of the past whose colossal form will not bear the brightness of day.

The rising moon begins to climb the top-most arch and gently pauses there,—the twinkling stars gleam through the loops of time and the low night breeze waves along the fragrance of the garland forest. Beyond the murmur of the Tiber may be heard, the owl hooting from some palatial ruin, and interruptedly comes the echo of a fitful song, borne by the gentle wind. The place becomes religious, and the heart runs o'er with the silent worship of the

great if old.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand; when falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall; and when Rome falls,—the World.

St. Peter's.

HE draws near that vast and wondrous building to admire its mighty grandeur. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of antiquity; Sophia's roofs, illumined and made beautiful by the sun, are but shadows compared to this. St. Peter's, true, holy, worthiest of God, stands alone. There is nothing in earthly structures of sublime aspect. In majesty, power, glory, strength, and beauty, it is an eternal ark of worship.

Entering, its grandeur does not overwhelm him, his mind expanded by the genius of the spot has grown colossal, and only finds a fit abode where appear the enshrined hopes of immortality. He moves on; deceived by its gigantic eloquence, it seems like climbing some great Alp. Vastness grows, but harmonizes. Rich marbles, rich paintings, shine where flames the lamp of gold; all are musical in their immensities. He does not see all at a glance, but little by little, part by part, in mighty graduation the glory dawns upon him until he has the stupendous whole. He grows with this mighty edifice, and finds his spirit rising to the size of all that he contemplates.

Now he pauses, and wonders at the matchless skill of its great masters

who could raise what former time, nor thought could plan. The fountain of sublimity displays its depth, and he learns what great conceptions are able to accomplish.

The Ocean.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods, and on the lonely shore a gush of rapture. Though we walk in solitude, there is society and music in the roar of the deep sea.

From these interviews with Nature in which I steal away from all I have been or may be, I have loved man no less, but Nature more and more.

I feel, yet cannot all conceal, what I can ne'er express.

Old Ocean,—deep and dark blue, roll on, in vain ten thousand fleets sweep o'er thy vast expanse.

Though man may devastate the earth, his control reaches not beyond thy shore. The wrecks are all thy deed upon the watery plain, nor of man's ravage doth remain a shadow save his own. When quickly as a drop of rain, with gurgling groan, he sinks beneath thy surging billows, with not even an unknown grave.

Its shores seem to be like the empires—changed.

The Almighty's form seems like a raging tempest, as it boils, foams, and dashes itself against the noble buildings of Greece, Rome, and Carthage. While these cities were free, the waves carried them power, but since, their shores obey the

stranger, slave, or savage. It is a glorious mirror in which the light of heaven is reflected, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in the tempests.

There are many mysteries in the sea. Think of the lost bodies laid on that dark floor, where the waves are ever chanting their melancholy requiems, and the wandering breezes may ever sigh, as day after day they pass over their dead bodies.

If we could see Byron as he stood on the ocean shore gazing on the surface of the deep, blue sea, what a variety of aspects the scene would display. He loved the ocean, and his joys were borne like the bubble forever onward. But his song has ceased, his task is finished, and his theme died into an echo.

If you have traced the pilgrim to his journey's end, and if a memory of him remains with you, say,—“Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been, a sound which makes us linger;—yet, farewell.”

A Boy or Girl With a Purpose.

THE definition for purpose is:—
That which a person sets before himself as an object to be reached or accomplished.

We believe that the Supreme Being created us for some good and beautiful purpose and that we as His

children are put here to work out the plan or design which seems to be allotted to us.

Almost every mind is capable of forming high and noble purposes. As we grow older our minds expand and fix upon what is purest and best. It is the boy that makes the way; so if a boy is brought up to think for himself, and to hold to good resolutions, he is in a fair way to become a successful man.

If we would be a success in our business or purpose, we must hold steadily to it. Shakespeare says:

“Hold you ever to your special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this
to that

As cause doth minister.
A steady purpose is like a river,
It gathers power and volume as it flows.”

The boy or girl who would be successful in this world must learn to do a few things well and not many indifferently. If we are held down by some one lawful occupation, we are not apt to enter into ventures and speculations.

It has been said, “The devil of the business world is chance.” Chance is chaotic. It is opposed in nature to order and law. Chance in business is not only degrading to man, but, in the long run, it is disastrous to his fortunes. Make the most of your opportunities, hold to your purpose, and success will eventually crown your labors.

VIVIAN KELLIHER.

Trusts.

IN order to fully understand trusts and their uses, we must know what a trust is. In its original meaning trust is a good word and means a good thing, but to-day it may have a different meaning.

Let us define a trust as a corporation of corporations. A corporation is an artificial person created by the law. It has some of the rights of a citizen and is subject to a corresponding degree of obligation. A man has certain natural rights; a corporation has those only which are conferred by the legislature.

A trust is really a combination of corporations, banded together under one management for the purpose of controlling the manufacture of or trade in some article. Usually it is not chartered, that is, it is not a corporation in the ordinary sense of the word, but is a voluntary association, which keeps secret all its doings, its organization, and its profits. Thus it may be, and in some cases is, an "artificial person" which exists without the permission of the state.

To bring out both sides—the good and the evil—of the question, take for example—to take an illustration from a trade in which there is no trust—the twelve hundred or more corporations, firms, and persons in this country engaged in the cotton manufacture. Some of these corporations are very large. One in New Hampshire is the greatest in the

world which is engaged in this trade. No harm results from the existence of these great corporations, because being scattered over the country and having different interests, they compete with each other. But if they all were to combine, they would control the labor of spinners and weavers, they would regulate production in such a way as to keep prices at a profitable level, and in many other ways deprive the community of the advantages of competition. There has recently been a decision rendered against trusts. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the agreement of the Trans-Missouri Freight Association to maintain rates within its territory, was a violation of the anti-trust law of eighteen hundred and ninety, and must be abandoned. This decision settles two important questions: First, that the anti-trust law applies to railroads; and secondly, that an agreement to maintain rates is illegal if in restraint of trade, even if it is shown that the rates are not unreasonable.

The chief objection to trusts is that it is not good for the country to concentrate great capital and consequently great power, in the hands of a few men.

This is the reason urged against trusts. But there is something to be said in their favor, namely: that they make industrial development possible on a grander scale than ever.

B. E. K.

An Easter Song of the Nineteenth Century.

IT is early in the morning; the sun rising in all its glory and shining on the waters of Boston Harbor, looks very beautiful. Few people are stirring in the city for it is Sunday morning and most of the inhabitants are in bed making up for lost sleep.

As the sun rises higher its bright light, coming in through the half-curtained windows, he arouses the sleepers. The baker shops are now open, where many families send for hot rolls and other food for breakfast. Then the early church-goers come forth, many preferring to walk, it is such a pleasant morning.

Those who chance to pass down one of the pleasantest streets in the city, may have noticed one home in particular, that has all the appearance of being occupied by people of great wealth and refinement. Through the large windows hung with costly curtains may be had just a glimpse of the rich interior. When the passers-by see a spotless, white ribbon hanging on the door, they turn away, pitying the inmates of this luxurious house, for the people know they have parted with a loved one.

She lay suffering many weeks; but this glad Easter morning, just as the sun was rising over the harbor, she was released from her pain and left

this world. What a beautiful morning it must be to her!

In the place of a childish face in the window is a beautiful Easter lily, a fitting emblem of her beauty and purity. The gifts that would have been hers went to gladden the hearts of many little alley children who had never seen such beautiful things before. Much happiness came to them by the death of this little girl who had been so weak and helpless in life, but the idol of her mother, and dearly loved by all. The influence she left behind her was great.

Not far away is the church the family attend. It is now decorated beautifully with flowers and evergreens. Around the chancel is a great mass of blossoms of rare beauty and fragrance. Lilies and hot-house plants brought from the South are in great profusion. The choir boys, far off it seems, sing:

"Christ has risen, Christ has risen,
He has burst His gloomy prison,

Then as they draw nearer their voices loud, clear, and sweet, ring out joyously:

"He has conquered death and sin,
Heaven is open, child come in."

The father and mother of the little girl as they enter the church and see the beautiful flowers and hear the sweet music proclaiming Christ's resurrection, know that their darling has risen too, and "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

MABEL V. SHAW.

Editorial.

ONE would think, to hear certain people talk, that there were few less interesting places in Maine than Bethel; but we do not think so.

Who can say, as they see the village and its surrounding, from a distance, that in general the view is not inexpressibly beautiful? The valley with its green intervals, and the Androscoggin, murmuring softly as it winds slowly toward the sea; the mountains in the background showing clearly against the horizon; and then the village, situated as it is, chiefly on a hillside; its broad streets bordered by lofty elms; and last, but not least, our own school-house—old Gould's.

ON looking forward to the coming year, we can but hope that it will be as pleasant as the past has been.

Although each succeeding term brings its several tasks, we should perform them to the best of our ability, and make the most of our opportunities as they come to us, so that when the next year shall draw to a close, and many of us leave the shelter of the school-room to enter the sterner duties of life, we may feel that the lessons learned at Gould's Academy have not been without profit to us.

THE graduating class this year is small, yet those whom it takes are friends we shall long miss in our pleasant school-room. As they leave Gould's Academy, they carry with them the best wishes of the students. May they think of us as kindly as we do of them, and when, after long years their minds again turn to their school-days, may it be with kind thoughts and pleasant recollections of the time they spent here, and may the lessons learned while with us, carry an influence for good throughout their lives.

THE PHILOMEL SOCIETY has again resumed its work and at recess time the young ladies of the school may be seen around the piano. They are carefully preparing some music for commencement, a selection from a melody in F by Rubenstein, and "Lovely Appear," from Gounoud's "Redemption," are two. This society has proved very pleasing as well as instructive to all its members.

Local and Standard Time.

IF the earth's axis were exactly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, and if the orbit were a circle, the length of the days would always be the same. But the days vary in length because the axis is inclined, and the path in which the earth moves around the sun is elliptical. No watch or clock, therefore, can

keep time with the sun.

Mean solar time is the average length of all the days of the year. This is called local time, and until within a few years, it was the only time used. All places on the same meridian have the same time. As the earth revolves from west to east, all places east of a given meridian are later than those west. Since it takes twenty-four hours for the earth to revolve, the sun passes over 15° of longitude in one hour of time.

After the invention of railroads, it was found more convenient to have one time extend over a large territory. In 1883 a system of time was adopted for the use of the railroads of the United States and Canada. The meridians 60° , 75° , 90° , 105° , and 120° , were called Standard Meridians. Each standard meridian is in the middle of a belt 15° wide, extending $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ east, and $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ west. All places in the same belt take their time from the standard meridian. The belts are named Colonial, Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific. The meridians being just 15° apart, the time in each belt differs exactly one hour from that in either between which it is situated. On the meridian, the standard and local time is the same; at all places east of this in the same belt, the local is faster than the standard; but in places west, the standard is faster than the local.

As all places east are later, a person going westward from New York, which is in the Eastern division, on

reaching Chicago, which is in the Central, would have to put his watch back one hour, and at Denver, two hours.
A. E. M.

An Easter Song of the Nineteenth Century.

OF all the glorious events that have ever been recorded, the resurrection of Christ is the most beautiful.

When we think how He suffered and died, and then when we think of the glorious resurrection, it makes Easter very dear to us. In one of our large cities there lived a gentleman, his wife, and their little daughter. They were wealthy people and lived in a beautiful home. The little girl was so loving and gentle that no one could help loving her. She was never a very strong child, and during the long, cold winter she kept growing weaker and more gentle. Her father and mother watched her anxiously, fearing, trembling, and praying lest their child be taken from them. Day by day she grew weaker until at last she had no strength to rise from her bed and lay there pale and beautiful. She passed away on Easter morning. She had been such a gentle child, that as she lay there before burial, one could hardly realize she was dead.

Her mother was very sad; but she found consolation in the thought that her child was beyond all care and

pain. Then came the thought of the poor, little children around the city who did not have even enough to eat. She resolved to take the money which she would have spent on her own child and make some of the children happy once in their lives. She began her work by going out into the streets, and finding a number of poor children whom she invited to her home to dinner the next Sunday. Very often after this she had the children with her; every Easter she would have masses of Easter lilies, and have the children come. When they went away they always carried some of the fragrant flowers with them. In this way she continued to brighten the lives of many.

I think this may truly be called an Easter song of the nineteenth century.

W. H. L.

Visitors' Day at the Hospital.

Story suggested by the painting, "Visitors' Day at the Hospital," by J. Geoffroy.

A FEW years ago there lived in New York a poor boy who sold newspapers for a living. One day there was an extra hustle about a train wreck and as everybody wanted a paper, Tommy had a lot to do. About dark, as he was walking up a business street, a man from the opposite side of the street beckoned to

him; when about half way across the street a runaway horse dashed around the corner, and before he could get out of the way, ran over him. Tommy was taken up white and motionless, and carried to the hospital. The doctors said there were internal injuries, and it was doubtful if he would ever be well again. If you could have known Tommy's plans, they would have been something like this: He was a poor boy, but he intended to rise in life, provide a comfortable home for his father and mother in their old age, and do all the good he could. This is not to be.

It is Visitors' Day. His father has come to see him and Tommy tries to be as cheerful as he can that his father may not know how he suffers. On the stand beside him is an orange which his father has brought him. He suffers too much to care for it and it remains untouched. As the pain increases the doctors tell his father that he will probably not live through the night, and he must see him for the last time. The poor boy's hopes are shattered. He cannot do what he wishes and is telling his father to be good, and walk in the light and meet him over there. As he whispers these words the last spark of life goes out and his soul has gone where there will be no more pain or sorrow.

CHARLES HOLMES.

Adagio Consolante.

THIS picture by a famous Munich artist represents a scene in an old monastery. An old monk is sitting alone in his cheerless, stone cell where he has spent many hours in prayer and meditation.

The room is scantily furnished with a chair in which the monk is sitting, a table on which he keeps his books, and a picture of the crucifix upon the wall strongly harmonizing with the monk and his surroundings.

The rays of the setting sun shine in through the single window upon the old man, lighting up his flowing beard and his shapely head crowned with snow-white hair. As he bends over his beloved violin he draws the bow gently across the strings and his face brightens with a calm, holy, light, well becoming a saint. He is unmindful of his gloomy surroundings and is unconscious of everything but the soft, sweet music into which his whole soul is thrown.

His chin rests upon the instrument from which comes the strains so melodious, low, and sweet.

The door behind him is open and the wind seems to answer the soft notes of the violin with a faint murmur as it stirs the cypress trees just outside the door. A tall, beautiful lady dressed in deep mourning stands unseen and unnoticed leaning against the door behind the monk. She has brought her burdened heart to her spiritual father for consolation. The

sweet, peaceful look that steals into her face tells us that she has found a comfort in music beyond the power of words.

M. V. S.

School Notes.

NOT long ago, the students of our school were pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Purington. We were received by our teacher at half-past seven. There was a bright, cheerful fire in the open fire-place, and our hostess was ready to make the evening enjoyable to all present. We were having a pleasant time talking over the events of the day, when it was announced that there was a musical stranger in the house. Of course, all wished to learn more of the stranger. We were soon introduced to one of the most wonderful inventions of the age,—the Graphophone. In our teacher's parlor we listened, highly amused, to the Columbian Exposition March, as played at the World's Fair. We heard several pieces that had been rendered by Sousa's band, and medleys that we enjoyed even more. Chocolate was served during the evening. Charmed with this novel way of entertainment, we said "Good night" to our kind hostess.

A Crust Walk.

THE mornings for a few days past had been so pleasant with such a good crust, that as scholars

of Gould's Academy, we began to importune our teachers for a crust-walk. This being finally granted, we decided upon Thursday, April 1st for the event. Therefore, at the comparatively early hour of 7.45, about thirty members of the school assembled in the Academy, and before eight we had started.

As the scene in front of the school-house looked particularly inviting, we directed our steps toward West Bethel. When we had reached the summit of the hill, what a picture of Nature met our gaze! For miles the valley of the Androscoggin, lined with happy homes, stretching before us, while the snow-clad mountains were keeping guard over them; and the sun casting his rays over all as if bestowing a blessing. Thus we went on, each turn disclosing new beauties.

On our way, we visited two sugar-camps, and from the last one, proceeded to the railroad, on which, the snow having softened, we returned home.

At 11.15, a few tired representatives of our party assembled in the school-room: but as the thoughts of rest and dinner were uppermost in their minds, they were dismissed until afternoon..

Thus ended our crust walk for 1897. May others in succeeding years be equally enjoyable!

Easter Morning.

ONE of the pleasant occasions which will long be remem-

bered by the students, was the observance of Easter. A short programme was arranged, and the first period, Friday morning, was devoted to several selections by the chorus, readings by Misses Hall and Farwell, and some very interesting and instructive remarks by Rev. Israel Jordan.

Personals.

Ralph Greenlaw, '92, is in Bowdoin College.

Warren Hardy is attending school at Colby.

Arthur Mann is attending school at Kent's Hill.

Charlie Tilton is in the High School at Auburn.

Walter Lawrence is engaged in a bicycle factory in Portland.

Miss Carrie Hastings, '93, has returned to her class at Bates.

Mr. Edwin Gehring, G. A. '94, is in the Boston School of Technology.

Florence Carter has left her school here and is now in Swampscott, Mass.

Sadie Mason, a former pupil of G. A., is attending school at Bridgton Academy.

Blanche Ripley, who attended school here during the fall and winter terms, is now teaching at Rumford Point.

Howard Wiley, '95, is attending school at the University of Maine, as

the Maine State College is now known.

Mary Chapman, '93, and Ethel Hammonds, one of our former pupils, are teaching in the brick school-building.

Miss Lydia Smith, a former assistant in this school, has recently accepted a position in the High School at East Bridgewater.

Roy Brackett, '94, after spending the past year at his home in West Bethel, will return next fall to his class in Bates and graduate in 1900.

Quotations Applied.

"He that loves a rosy cheek
Or coral lip admires."

Harry Farwell.

"The best laid schemes of mice and
men

Gang aft agley,
And leave us naught but care and
pain

For promised joy."

Our May-walk and Sociable.

"Authors, like coins, grow dear as
they grow old,

It is the rust we value, not the gold."

Caesar Class.

"The youth who daily farther
from the East must travel."

Winfred Lowell.

"Pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Alice Mason.

"Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne
of truth." Guy Davis.

"She walks in Beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Miss Purington.

"And still they gazed, and still the
wonder grew

That one small head could carry all
he knew."

George French.

"Farewell! a word that must be,
and hath been——

A sound that makes us linger;—yet
farewell."

Graduating Class '97.

"My memory's not worth a preen."
Paul Hamilton.

"Here awa, there awa, wandering
Willie." W. Holmes.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a
painted ocean." Guy Davis.

"Thy deeds shall praise thee."
Beatrice Kelliher.

"Born the wild northern hills
among." Gerry Brooks.

"When the roll is called up yonder,
he'll be late." Guy Davis.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."
C. Holmes.

"Who filled thy countenance with
rosy light?" Bundy Chapman.

"The end crowns all,"
Ethel Richardson.
Winifred Hall.

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman
perfected." Cora Farwell.

"From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand."
First and last of spring term.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom
lingers."

Mabel Shaw.

"Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say I am 'Sir Oracle,'
And when I ope my lips let no dog
bark." Geo. French.

"But the tongue can no man tame."
Sara Farwell.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter
here." History Class.

"Imagination rules the world."
Miss Purington.

"Words are women, deeds are men."
G. A. Students.

"Encompassed with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign."
Caesar Class.

"Stars that in earth's firmament
do shine."

Beatrice Kelliher.
Winfred Lowell.

"Whistling so airily,
Past the ear warily,
Watching me narrowly,
Crashing I came."

Marjorie Burgess.

"Why should a man, whose blood is
warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"
C. Holmes.

"A woman fair and trim."
V. Kelliher.

"The poet's eye in a fire frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth,
from earth to heaven.

The forms of things unknown, the
poet's pen

Turns them to shape, and gives to
airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

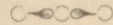
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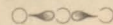
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

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